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JULIA WARD HOWE

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

1911

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Boston

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

IN HONOR OF

JULIA WARD HOWE

HELD IN

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

ON

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1911

AT 8 O'CLOCK

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MAYOR AND
CITY COUNCIL

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CITY OF BOSTON.

In City Council, January 16, 1911.

Ordered, That the Clerk of Committees, under the direction of the Committee on Printing, be authorized to prepare and have printed an edition of one thousand copies of a volume containing an account of the memorial exercises held by the City of Boston in honor of Julia Ward Howe; the expense of the same to be charged to the appropriation for City Council, Incidental Expenses.

Passed. Approved by the Mayor January 17, 1911.

Attest: W. J. DOYLE,
Assistant City Clerk.

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OF THE
MEDICAL

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

The speakers were ex-Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., Miss Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, and Assistant United States District Attorney William H. Lewis. Judge Robert Grant read a commemorative poem. His Honor Mayor John F. Fitzgerald presided.

Music was furnished by fifty members of the Boston Opera House Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Wallace Goodrich, a male chorus of eighty members directed by Mr. Archibald T. Davison, Jr., and a chorus of seventy-five pupils from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, directed by Mr. Edwin L. Gardiner. Mr. Davison at the organ.

Twenty-seven commissioned officers from the First, Second and Third Regiments, Boston School Cadets, acted as ushers.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

ORGAN SELECTIONS (before eight o'clock).

SONATINA . . . . . *Bach*

FUNERAL MARCH AND SERAPHIC SONG . . *Guilmant*

MR. DAVISON.

CHORALE — "Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light" from Christmas Oratorio . . . . . *Bach*

Male Chorus, Orchestra and Organ.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

MAYOR FITZGERALD.

"A HUNTING SONG" . Words and music by *Mrs. Howe*

PUPILS' CHORUS, accompanied by horns, trumpets and trombones.

POEM.

JUDGE GRANT.

ADDRESS — Mrs. Howe's Work for the Advancement of Women.

MISS WOOLLEY.

GOOD FRIDAY MUSIC from "Parsifal" . . *Wagner*

ORCHESTRA.

ADDRESS.

MR. LEWIS.

FINALE OF THE SYMPHONY IN C MINOR, No. 5. *Beethoven*

ORCHESTRA.

ADDRESS.

EX-GOVERNOR GUILD.

"BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

Words by *Mrs. Howe*

CHORUS, with organ accompaniment.

The audience is invited to join.

ORGAN POSTLUDE (during the dispersion of the audience).

"IN MEMORIAM" . . . . . *Rheinberger*

MR. DAVISON.

OPENING ADDRESS

BY MAYOR FITZGERALD

In numbers and in character this gathering is worthy of the gifted and gracious lady whom we commemorate. To some of us it has seemed fitting that we should embalm in even more permanent form the figure of Julia Ward Howe, because she herself avoided transiency and aimed at the things which abide. Without preaching, she taught how evanescent is the life of pleasure and of selfish striving, compared with the life of thought, of effort, and of love. Not only in its duration but in its fullness her life seemed to march parallel with the century in which she lived and to absorb and reflect its highest aspirations. A serious and scholarly but fun-loving and spirited girl, she married the chivalrous Boston physician, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe,— a man who had served as a volunteer in the war for Greek independence and who distinguished himself as one of the greatest of all teachers and benefactors of the blind and the mentally afflicted. The life motto of these two companion souls, inarticulate or semiconscious, perhaps, until Lincoln crystallized it in an immortal word, was Emancipation. Is it any wonder that with such a

fortifying spring of inward conviction the forces of the growing woman knew no contraction through the gradual advent of old age. Time's shafts glanced lightly from that crystal armor, and her faculties and even her personal charm seemed expanding to the close.

This is why not Boston alone, but America and the whole world, knew her as a friend. The Greek, for whom her husband fought; the blind and the imbecile, whose infirmities he strove to soften; the negro, whose shackles she helped to rive asunder; the Italian patriot, the oppressed Armenian, the ever-suffering Israelite; the myriads of her own sex, whose rights she championed, mourned an ardent sympathizer when she passed away.

In her we honor not merely a fragrant personality with which we have been privileged to hold converse, but one who may be truly called a representative character. In a sense she typifies and stands for the nineteenth century, for womanhood itself, for America, and for Boston.

Other speakers will describe Mrs. Howe's career in its various phases. You will hear tributes to her worth in verse and prose, and will, I trust, join in singing the great hymn which was chanted about a thousand camp fires during the Civil War, and which, through its Hebraic imagery and prophetic fervor, will live as long as the memories of that momentous conflict endure.

As Mayor of Boston I may fittingly lay stress upon one aspect of Mrs. Howe's life, — her devotion to the city which, though not her birthplace, was for seventy years her intellectual and spiritual home. In no way can I do this more effectively than by quoting her own words about Boston. Before allowing the order of exercises to take its course without further interruption from me, let me read a few stanzas from "A Rhyme for Old Home Week," written by Mrs. Howe in her eighty-ninth year, and read from this platform by Hon. Josiah Quincy on July 30, 1907. The comparison is between Rome and Boston.

Our city is as nobly set,
  Stately her hills, albeit but three,
Glorious above her parapet
  Floats the dear Flag of Liberty.

Strong sons, the nursling of her hearth,
  For freedom won the western plains;
To-day, with happy pride of birth,
  They come to show their splendid gains.

Fair towns they builded as they went;
  Empires above their footsteps grew;
For Justice stood their armament,
  For all the illustrious truth they knew.

Now, welcome young and welcome old!
  Salute with joy each sacred bound!
The cradle of your race behold!
  Let the ancestral anthems sound!

And let our Boston, from her heights,
  Match with her hills the virtues three,
And crown them, as with beacons bright,
  With Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

POEM

READ BY JUDGE GRANT

No warrior's deeds, no statesman's fame,
  No generous rich man's princely power,
Nor splendid debts to science claim
  Our civic homage at this hour.
A woman's memory fills each heart; —
  A patriot woman wise and pure,
Whose gospel thrilled both camp and mart
  With words of fire that shall endure.

Scholar and poet, preacher, seer,
  No caste her sympathies confined.
To aspiration's bugle clear
  Marched all her powers of heart and mind.
Who listened read upon her face
  The new world thought, the old world breed.
She lived with a patrician grace
  Our great Republic's simple creed.

To every votary in the world
  Oppressed through struggling to be free
Her heart leapt like a flag unfurled,
  Knew barriers none of race or sea.
Minerva-like in many a tongue
  Her wit, her eloquence, her song
Unterrified by odds she flung
  To right some helpless brother's wrong.

Husband and wife! In fame's new troth
  Their names forevermore are twined.
Our grateful city claims them both.
  His zeal gave eyes unto the blind,

And hers, white-winged, Parnassus-born,
In each crushed cause some lode-star found;
Undaunted friend of hopes forlorn
Which spurned the solid ground.

So humanly she played her part,
So fully did she understand,
That ever younger grew her heart,
Youth's dreams were still her promised land.
The fragrant blossoms on her bier
Were to her length of days an aureole.
And thus she vanished from our presence here
A dust-defying and star-seeking soul.

Robert Grant.

ADDRESS

BY MISS MARY E. WOOLLEY

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.— Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

Beautiful as are the words of the wise, they never come "home to the heart" so truly as when read in the light of a life that we have known and loved. To-night they ring in our ears as if spoken of the woman whom this city delights to honor, and whose memory and influence will be among its chief claims to distinction.

There are many pictures of Mrs. Howe which it is a pleasure to recall; there are three that I shall never forget. The background of the first is a rainy, bleak, midwinter Sunday evening in this city, and the figure that of a little woman, fast nearing her ninetieth year, climbing, with painful steps and slow, the long flight of stairs leading to Huntington Hall, that she might give to a conference on social service the inspiration of her patience and of her earnest words.

The second picture is of the same little old lady, in delicate silk and lace, the guest of honor at one of the birthday luncheons which the New England Club delighted to give her, one of its founders, and for many years its president — rather, its queen! Since that day the thought of Mrs. Howe is always associated with the color and fragrance of pink roses, with quick wit, and keen, almost childlike, enjoyment.

No one present at the Inauguration at Smith College last October is likely to forget the third picture, of the white-robed figure in academic gown and cap, honored by the degree which in the granting conferred honor, also, upon the college that gave it.

These three scenes are typical of Mrs. Howe's devotion to the broadening of the interests of women. Her work for women was simply the expression of her conception of a true womanhood, as fully sharing with every man every human right and every human responsibility, a discovery which, she said, was like the addition of a new continent to the map of the world, or of a New Testament to the old ordinances. The period just following the Civil War was the time of this "awakening" to a new sense of the dignity and responsibility of women, and marks the beginning of her identification with various movements for the broadening of their interests. The

first was the formation of the club which was so closely associated with her name, of which she was one of the founders, and for many years the president, — rather, the queen! Mrs. Howe was a convert to the idea of the Woman's Club, as she was a convert to the idea of suffrage for women. She says that she gave but a languid assent to the measures proposed for the formation of an organization out of which grew the New England Woman's Club, that for more than forty years has been such a power for service in city and state.

In the early seventies she formed the Boston Saturday Morning Club for one of her daughters and her girl friends, thus starting into motion another current of usefulness in other cities as well as in this. But although so closely identified with these two organizations, she did not limit herself to them, for, as Doctor Holmes said of her, she was "eminently clubable." The first club to which she had belonged, formed in the early days of her residence in Boston, was purely social, and devoted mainly to "the noble pursuit of crochet"; but that organization was ephemeral, lasting only one season, not even long enough to complete the crochet quilt which was the prime object of its existence,— and there are no indications that it ever had a successor. A club, as a social organization, in her mind, always had combined with it a serious purpose, as for example, the Town and

Country Club of Newport, which she founded and which for many years was true to its aim of "upholding the higher social ideals, and of not leaving true culture unrepresented, even in a summer watering place." Of the possibilities of women's clubs she had the highest ideal, and was willing to devote time and thought to their formation, as she felt that they were "doing so much to constitute a working and united womanhood."

It is impossible to think of Mrs. Howe's devotion to the broadening of the interests of women without thinking also of the cause of equal suffrage. To have the courage of her convictions was not a new experience; her allegiance to the anti-slavery movement had been given when the unpopularity of that cause was at its height in the North. With the end of the Civil War the current of thought started by those wonderful experiences in freedom and progress,—a progress largely aided by women,—together with her new conception of womanhood, was having its logical outcome in changing her attitude toward the question of suffrage for women. While in the midst of this train of thought, an invitation to attend a meeting in behalf of woman suffrage was accepted, rather reluctantly, as was also an invitation to a seat on the platform; but that meeting, with its simple, strong, convincing arguments, and, most convincing of all, the words and personality of Lucy Stone, disarmed all her prejudice,

and resulted in her entire capitulation. When called upon to speak all that she could say was, "I am with you," a statement more than borne out by the service of the years which followed.

In no work in which Mrs. Howe engaged were the heroic qualities of her nature more in evidence. The movement was not popular, far from it,—but the unpopularity of the cause had not a feather's weight with her when once convinced of its righteousness. Her courage was boundless, her championship unfaltering. She said of her early connection with the movement, "We were called upon to perform yeomen's service,"—and the yeomen's service she gave cheerfully in the years that followed, as long as her physical strength made it possible. To the very end of her life she served, for within the last two years she published a widely quoted article giving twelve strong and cogent reasons for suffrage, and one of her last public acts was taking a census of ministers and editors in the woman suffrage states, asking whether the results of equal suffrage are good or bad. But in spite of all that has been accomplished by her many addresses in West and East and South, her annual pilgrimage to the State House, her articles and circulars, I am not sure that it is in this way that she has done most for the cause that was dear to her. The greatest asset was in the woman herself, the intellectuality which she

brought to the consideration of the subject, her philosophic attitude and reasoning power, her quick wit,— exercised often to the confusion of her opponent,— her "sweet reasonableness," disarming opposition.

Closely allied with these other movements for broadening the interests of women was one which by its very name indicated its object. The Association for the Advancement of Women was the outcome of a call issued by Sorosis in May, 1868, for a Congress of Women to be held in New York that autumn, and the object of the Association, as adopted by the first Congress, was "to receive and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral and physical conditions, and thereby to improve all domestic and social relations." It is not a surprise to find that Mrs. Howe was one of the signers of the call, and that she read the *first* paper at the *first* congress, on the subject, "How can women best associate their efforts for the amelioration of society."

The history of this remarkable Association, with its annual congresses for the succeeding thirty years, is the history of the realization of its lofty aim, to arouse thought along many lines, science, art, education, philosophy, ethics, political and social science, industrial training. Many eminent women were connected with it, but it is interesting to notice in the reports of the congresses the reiteration of the phrase,—

"Mrs. Howe in the chair." For many years she was president. Her president's addresses struck again and again the keynote of the Association, and of her own high aims for women: "Our ruling idea of the advancement of women has been that of an advance — in intelligence and in useful service"; — "We are women seeking to promote the advancement of women, not in the objects of personal ambition, not in any inharmonious rivalry with men, but in the understanding and fulfilment of womanly duty, and in the recognition of all that this involves."

There is a logical connection between Mrs. Howe's interest in the Association for the Advancement of Women and her presidency of the Women's Departments at fairs. It was inevitable that she should be the president of the first department of that kind at an important fair in Boston in 1882, and a year later of the Women's Department at a great World's Fair in New Orleans. By means of a special department for the exhibition of the inventions and handicraft of women, it was possible to attract attention to them, and thus to arouse new interest in woman's industrial capacity. At the New Orleans Fair her fertile mind devised another scheme for attracting attention to the department, and the result was a series of short talks, given by experts, explaining the exhibits.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Howe was interested in the cause of higher education for

women, a cause which owes incalculable debt to her and to other eminent women who stood for woman's advancement in all lines of progress. It seemed peculiarly fitting that her last public appearance should be at an academic occasion, significant in itself, but all the more significant because of her presence, and that the last public honor which she received was the highest of honorary degrees, conferred by a woman's college.

If Mrs. Howe found no path for progress, she blazed a trail! Back in the early seventies, in the time of the Franco-Prussian War, she had a sudden realization of the cruel and unnecessary character of the contest, and there was forced upon her the question, "Why do not the mothers of mankind interfere in these matters, to prevent the waste of that human life of which they alone bear and know the cost?" With Mrs. Howe to *think* was to *act*, and the result of this conviction was an appeal to womanhood throughout the civilized world to awake to the knowledge of the sacred rights vested in them as mothers, to protect human life,— an appeal translated into French, Spanish, Italian, German, Swedish, and sent broadcast. For the next two years much of her time was spent in correspondence with leading women in other countries and in preparation for a meeting in New York for the purpose of considering and arranging for a World's Congress of Women in behalf of International Peace.

Two of these meetings were held in New York, one in the late autumn of 1870, addressed by William Cullen Bryant; another in the following spring, at which David Dudley Field was one of the speakers. In the spring of the following year she went to England, hoping by her personal efforts to realize her ideal of a Woman's Peace Congress in London, but although warmly received by friends of the cause, she found little encouragement from existing societies, and was refused permission to speak at the meetings of the English Peace Society on the ground that women never *had* spoken at those meetings! Most human beings would have taken the next ship for home; Mrs. Howe hired a moderate sized hall, the Freemasons' Tavern, and for five or six Sunday afternoons held a peace service, consisting of a prayer, the reading of a hymn, and a carefully prepared address from some scripture text. Before her return home she attended as delegate a Peace Congress held in Paris, but when she asked to speak was told that she might speak to the officers in a side room after the adjournment, — an invitation which, it is hardly necessary to add, she accepted.

Of the outcome of this effort she said with her characteristic modesty and simplicity, "I cherished the hope that I had sown some seed which would bear fruit thereafter," a hope the realization of which we can indeed bear witness.

It is no less characteristic of her that when she found that the time for a World's Congress of Women was not ripe she turned to a less ambitious, but perhaps not less effective, way of calling their attention to the great cause, and instituted a June Festival, known as Mothers' Day, and devoted to the advocacy of peace doctrines. Her own modest statement, "I had some success in carrying out this plan," hardly indicates its widespread observance — in Edinburgh, London, Geneva, Constantinople, as well as in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and many smaller places in our own country, an observance continued for many years.

In the light of the present widespread sentiment against war, and in favor of international arbitration, Mrs. Howe's efforts of forty years ago seem the inspiration of a prophet. Her emphasis, like that of our most earnest thinkers to-day, was placed not on the *cruelty* of war, but on its terrible waste of the best life, as well as of material resources; and the substitute urged for resort to arms was an International Jury, to settle all questions of difference between nations, the forerunner of present schemes for international arbitration.

A discussion of Mrs. Howe's devotion to the broadening of the interests of women would be incomplete without reference to her connection with the Woman's Ministerial Conference. The

first Conference in 1873 was called by her, the name was her suggestion, for many years she was the president, one of the last meetings at which she presided was a meeting of this Conference, held last May in the Congregational House, and only three short weeks before her earthly ministry was finished, she wrote to the secretary of that Conference about women ministers and of her plan to write a series of papers on religion for publication.

She loved to preach, and often did so, in different cities and for various denominations in connection with the meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Women, as well as in her own home church, and even during visits to Rome and Jerusalem. Her only regular "pastorate," as far as I know, was at Santo Domingo, during her own and Doctor Howe's visit to the Island, when at the request of a small congregation of poor colored people, who had no minister, she conducted a Sunday evening service during almost all the weeks of her stay there. The little wooden building had only a mud floor, the hymn books were tattered,— of small consequence, since few of the congregation could read,— but it is not difficult to imagine the inspiration of those services, and of the sermons carefully prepared by the devoted preacher, "anxious really to interest those poor shepherdless sheep."

Mrs. Howe's work for women is not to be

measured only or chiefly by the organizations which she founded, fostered, inspired,— important and far-reaching as that work is. "Oh, had I earlier known the power, the nobility, the intelligence, which lie within the range of true womanhood, I had surely lived more wisely, and to better purpose," she exclaimed. Her confidence in women, her own nobility of character, are a challenge to the womanhood of the country to broader, truer, nobler living.

There is no answer to pessimism more conclusive than the long line of noble men and women, not only of the past, but of the present; yet it is difficult in any age to find a life so many sided, so complete, as that of Mrs. Howe. Musician and poet, philosopher and critic, philanthropist and patriot, public speaker and leader, devoted wife and mother,— she was all this and more. What she *did* was but the expression of what she *was*, of a character wonderful in its almost perfect balance of powers; keen of mind, and witty of speech, yet with the law of kindness in her tongue; intense in conviction and having the courage of her convictions, yet always reasonable and open-minded, quick in initiative, yet patient in the realization of her plans; discriminating in her judgments, but generous in her estimates of others; combining wide intellectual interests and attainments with a childlike simplicity; hospitable to new thought, but steadfast in her relig-

ious faith; manifesting alike the spirit of the soldier and the spirit of the Christ.

I have made a voyage upon a golden river
'Neath clouds of opal and of amethyst.
Along its banks bright shapes were moving ever,
And threatening shadows melted into mist.

The eye, unpracticed, sometimes lost the current,
When some wild rapid of the tide did whirl,
While yet a master hand beyond the torrent
Freed my frail shallop from the perilous swirl.

Music went with me, fairy flute and viol,
The utterance of fancies half expressed,
And with these, steadfast, beyond pause or trial,
The deep, majestic throb of Nature's breast.

My journey nears its close, — in some still haven
My bark shall find its anchorage of rest,
When the kind hand, which every good has given,
Opening with wider grace, shall give the best.

ADDRESS

BY MR. WILLIAM H. LEWIS

A singularly favored, useful and beautiful human life is ended.

It was crowned by length of days, and enriched, beyond measure, by the service of her fellows. A golden link in the chain which connected this generation with the golden age of American literature, of American constitutional reforms, has been broken.

Of all that glorious company of men and women of letters and reformers who, by what they were, by what they said, and what they did, shed new luster upon Boston, Massachusetts, and New England, there remain now only Frank Sanborn of Concord, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. May these venerable citizens continue long to abide with us, objects of our reverent affection and pious regard!

The death of Julia Ward Howe at any time would have come as a deep grief to her fellow-citizens. She was one of our civic institutions.

Fifty years she reigned over us, queen of all our hearts, the idol of those who knew her best, and just as three decades ago when the Prince Consort, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe,

that true knight-errant of humanity, swift to succor the Greek struggling for independence, or aid the African fleeing the bonds of slavery, or patient in unbarring the gates of light to the blind, passed away, the Commonwealth took notice of his death, so Boston now honors the memory of the ideal wife and mother who inspired the work of the great philanthropist and helped to make enduring the name of Howe.

I find but one parallel to two such lives in all history, that of which Tennyson sings in the Idyls of the King, — Victoria and Albert the Good.

The twain were indeed one flesh.

Through all the years of her widowhood, the love of her children, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren encompassed and comforted her, the love of her countrymen cherished her, and now "God's great love has set her at his side again."

Not quite a year ago our friend was with us in this very hall, and from this place read her poem upon the centenary of Lincoln's birth. Age then had laid its withering hand upon her body, her steps were uncertain, the voice feeble, but her mind clear and strong. Her beautiful soul and stainless character shown from every lineament and feature, and her very presence seemed a benediction, sublime, Godlike.

Now another poet rises here to sing the praises of the poet of yesterday, so swift are the changes of human life.

Born to the purple of wealth and family, she counted the social tie as nothing, put aside a life of luxurious ease and idleness, which might have been hers, and threw in her lot with the humble workers for God and humanity. She did much to redeem the selfishness and indifference of her class in her day, and helped immeasurably to bring it into closer touch with the people. Educated, broadly speaking, beyond most women of her day, not only through the best teachers and books, but by contact with the best minds,— not alone in her own country, but in England and upon the continent,— Julia Ward Howe in many lines of human thought and activity became one of the makers of public opinion of the nineteenth century.

Under the influence of Emerson, Margaret Fuller and the Transcendental School of Philosophy, the preaching of Theodore Parker and James Freeman Clarke, she early espoused by voice and pen, from the pulpit and through the Press, the cause of freedom and liberalism in religion. If you count this service small, remember the distance we have traveled. Puritan Boston once hanged Quakers on Boston Common and exiled Roger Williams in the

name of religion. The first great fact of the nineteenth century was complete religious toleration.

The advancement of the cause of women engaged her life-long service. Beginning her labors with Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, and many other notable men and women, she lived to see her sex enjoy equal suffrage in five American states, in Australia and New Zealand, and a qualified suffrage in twenty-nine American states, in Great Britain and in many other parts of the civilized world. In her day she beheld the higher education opened up to women in the establishment of upwards of a hundred schools and colleges, and the doors of industry swing wide to admit the gentler sex.

With a woman's horror of war, the cause of universal peace enlisted her sympathy, upon which cause her voice was heard in many lands. She saw the Crimea, the Civil, the Franco-Prussian wars, but many things had been done in her day to alleviate the horrors of war. Arbitration had come to take the place of the old method of deciding national honor by "bloody combat," and within a year of her death a great American philanthropist has given ten millions to the cause of peace, and a permanent court of arbitral justice seems one of the possibilities of the near future.

Every man looks out upon the world from

his own peculiar angle of vision, reads history through the eyes of his own experience. The colored race, therefore, in common with the Greek, Italian, and Armenian, pays grateful tribute to the memory of Julia Ward Howe.

Upon the very last page of her "Memoirs" she writes with exultant pride: "Lastly and chiefly, I have had the honor to plead for the slave when he was a slave" — "To stand with the illustrious champions of justice and freedom." No one could long sit under the preaching of Theodore Parker and not become abolitionist, and so it was at one of Parker's "at homes" on Sunday evening that she met the elder Garrison and was at once taken, as she said, "by a sort of glory of sincerity in his ways and words" and was soon found singing out of the same hymn book with the great abolitionist and in the same tune. In the same way Wendell Phillips came into her life, and she offered to join Maria Chapman and Lydia Maria Child as a personal bodyguard for the great orator when threatened by the mobs of that day. Sumner was her idol. She understood the defects and greatness of his character. It is related that Mrs. Howe upon going to him one day to seek assistance for a fugitive slave was told by Sumner: "I am not interested in individuals, my only concern is for the race," whereupon she replied, with fine satire, "I am glad God Almighty,

by the latest accounts, has not got so far as this." The great senator afterwards acknowledged for once that his moral vision was askew and asked that gracious lady to strike the entry from her diary.

There are some people to-day who would accord to the race as a whole every right, but shrink from contact with individuals; others who think poorly of the Negro as a whole, but love particular individuals. The great problem is to bring both classes together as we find them in Mrs. Howe. The day of complete toleration of race will surely come, just as the day of complete toleration in religion has already arrived.

When many were afraid, and stood aloof, this woman of gentle birth and breeding opened the door with her own hands to welcome to her home John Brown, the martyr, and his body "mouldering in the grave" led to the greatest lyric of the Civil War.

It was a labor of love for her to join with Doctor Howe in editing the Boston "Commonwealth," a daily paper devoted to the promotion of abolition opinion, whose columns were open to both sides and therefore read by both sides, the paper which advocated the repeal of the fugitive slave law, resisted the rendition of Sims and contributed more than any other perhaps to the election of Sumner to the Senate.

Her early poems give evidence too that her

great soul was one with the slave and the cause of freedom. The poem "Tremont Temple" describes a meeting at which Sumner and Douglass spoke:

"Two figures fill the temple to my sight
. . . . . .
One has the beauty of our northern blood,
And wields God's thunder in his lifted hand.
The other wears the solemn hue of night;
. . . . . he slings
A dangerous weapon too, a broken chain.
. . . . . .
Again the New Flag sings of the equality of all men.
We'll not lift men for their features nor love them for their skins,
But look to the great soul father in whom we are All of kin."

Her greatest title deed to fame, that by which she will live longest in history, is the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written at the very beginning of the war for emancipation. More than a battle hymn, it was a song of faith sublime, a "ballad of purest patriotism, a pean of triumph. Oh gifted poet, true patriot, inspired prophet, thine eyes indeed beheld the glory of the coming of the Lord, not only in camp-fires and "burnished rows of steel," but in a race set free, a nation redeemed, a country reunited forever! Thy fading sight beheld still "the glory of the coming of the Lord" in ten millions of my race struggling painfully through poverty and ignorance, patiently through wrong and oppression, persistently through every difficulty to complete American citizenship.

He was not mistaken who said: "Give me the making of the songs of a people — I care not who makes their laws." All history attests this truth! The songs of the lame schoolmaster of Athens inspired the Spartans to victory; Rouget de l'Isle, singing the Marseillaise, revolutionized his country! The heart songs of a people make its public sentiment, and public sentiment enacts its laws. Who shall estimate the influence of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in writing the great war amendments of the Constitution?

Mrs. Howe never lost her interest in the colored people. Whether in San Domingo with Doctor Howe upon the famous commission of General Grant or at the woman's exhibit at the World's Fair in New Orleans she brought together the colored people to tell them the story of the great heroes of freedom whom she had known.

In her greatest work for the advancement of women Mrs. Howe never drew the color line. She welcomed the Woman's Era Club into the Massachusetts Federation, spoke often to its members, lent her moral and active support to the efforts of Mrs. Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin in behalf of colored women; made her a Director of the Massachusetts Federation and sent her as a Massachusetts delegate to the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Some ten years ago when lynching, now happily on the wane, was all too prevalent throughout the country, the colored women of Boston, among

them Mrs. Butler R. Wilson, Mrs. U. A. Ridley, and Miss Maria Baldwin, called a meeting in Chickering Hall to protest against this barbarous practice. I shall never forget this venerable woman, then eighty years of age, coming forward to address that audience, the sympathy of her manner, the sincerity of her speech, and with what tremendous emphasis she declared: "What a government permits, that it does." "The blood of guiltless victims stains the souls of those legislators who sit with folded hands while torture fires are lighted." "I cry, shame upon them!" "Shame to our nation, and a disgrace to our civilization!"

The life of Julia Ward Howe recalls, next to the Revolution, the most glorious chapter of Massachusetts history. Garrison sounded the reveille of freedom. Phillips, Sumner, Parker, Abby, Kelly, Foster, Maria Weston Chapman, Lydia Maria Child, by arousing public opinion, prepared the army of emancipation. John A. Andrew, our great war governor, at the call of the nation summoned the very pick and flower of the Commonwealth to meet the issue which she had done most to raise. The Websters, the Higginsons, the Bowditches, the Hallowells, the Livermores and the numberless hosts of heroes and patriots (a hundred thousand and more), marched past the State House in those four years of Civil War with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" ringing in their souls, and as Christ died to make men holy, they (thirteen thousand and more), on field, in hospital and in

prison, died to make men free. And the first object that greets the stranger on Boston Common yonder is the granite shaft and its beautiful symbolic figures, dedicated "To the men of Boston who died for their country on land and sea in the war which kept the nation whole, destroyed slavery and maintained the Constitution, the grateful city has built this monument that their example may speak to coming generations."

In every public square and memorial hall stands some statue, some picture of those who led in the great cause of freedom, mute memorials of a people's gratitude, examples and a lesson to future generations that true fame and glory are reached only through service.

Among them all is there no place for one representative woman?

The Greek said: "A city is judged by the character of the men it crowns." Let us beware lest we be judged by the character of those we refuse to crown. From her "Memoirs" she speaks to Boston at this hour: "I have been welcomed in Faneuil Hall when I have stood there to rehearse the merits of public men, and later to plead the cause of oppressed Greece and murdered Armenia."

She will never be welcomed there in the flesh again, but whether her picture, keeping company with the illustrious and the great, shall look down upon us from those sacred walls or not, her voice will still echo and re-echo with "the voices of freedom" there as long as the old "Cradle of Liberty" stands.

In the great movements of the century with which Mrs. Howe was identified there are those who did more than she in any one of them but none who did more in all than she.

It is a great thing to be able to say at the end of a long life: "I gave my sympathy to liberalism in religion, and bigotry is past; I lent a hand to the struggling slave, and freedom is here; I put shoulder to the wheel in the cause of advancement of women and lo! a new creature appears!"

She never outlived her usefulness, answered to the latest hour every public demand, giving freely of her time, her talents, her genius, and her gracious self to every good cause and to every public work until the Master's final call. Let us believe that in the Great Beyond she still finds happiness in the service of God and humanity, for that only could be Heaven to her.

"The house is dust, the voice is dumb
But through the undying years to come
The spark that glowed within her soul
Shall light our footsteps to the goal
. . . . . .
Such lives as this put death to scorn,
They lose our day to find God's morn."

ADDRESS

By Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr.

"Ye shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you that ye may live and that it may be well with you and that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye shall possess."

In some of the Bible texts mere length of life is constantly promised as a wondrous blessing. In these words from Deuteronomy I have quoted and in certain other texts a more nearly complete measure of human happiness is promised in a long life that shall be a useful life and, because of the joy, not of riches but of service, an absolutely happy life.

Such a life we commemorate to-day, a life far beyond the allotted mortal span of three score years and ten. Yet was the strength that carried it onward to nearly the full count of a century neither labor nor sorrow, but such an abounding joy that when the end did come the natural grief that such a life, alike strong and gentle, must have an end was almost overwhelmed with the gust of exaltation that such a noble influence should have been so long prolonged.

Julia Ward Howe came into the world almost at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most wonderful century in the history of civilization. She began her life of public usefulness almost as a child.

In an infinitely nobler sense than of Cleopatra, Shakespeare might have written of her his familiar line: "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety," for not as a brilliant despot scheming for further dominion, but as a gracious presence among the oppressed and suffering of all the world did this good woman's influence lead ever upward and onward till not age (she was never old) but the smiling angel that we all must meet released her from her labors and summoned her to her reward.

The nineteenth century saw civilization advance further in its own brief cycle than in the eighteen hundred years that had gone before. Indeed it is a question whether or not the seventeenth century, in spite of the bright light of liberty that flamed forth at its close, was not in some respects actually lower in the level of civilization than the thriving days of the Roman empire. The Pax Romana for centuries at least enforced a universal peace in all the civilized world of its day, and the legionaries fought but to defend that peace from the savages that swarmed about the borders of that civilization. The daily life of the Roman home, with its fresh air, its constant baths, its exultation in a decora-

tion and an architecture free from meretricious details and beautiful in its simplicity, displayed a higher standard, not merely of taste, but of sanitation than that of our great grandfathers. The Roman galley was not as swift as the steamboat, but it was infinitely swifter than the heavy bluff bowed vessels of Nelson, and the journey from London to Rome over the superb Roman roads, with the perfect posting service, through a Europe where the Roman law buttressed social order, was not merely infinitely swifter but infinitely safer in the days of Trajan than in the days of George the Fourth.

Not without reason did the chasseur with his military uniform figure universally on the carriage box, till very recently, even on the peaceful rounds of calls of the fair aristocracy of the continent. Less than a century ago an armed defender on the traveling carriage was an absolute necessity in the simplest journey. Not without reason did the leaders of liberty and even the leaders of fashion at the beginning of the new dawn introduce methods and models from Greece and Rome. It was as natural that Patrick Henry should quote not a Walpole but a Brutus in his impassioned appeal, as it was natural and sensible for Napoleon, who for his little day ruled the fashions as he ruled the fates, to supersede the rococo flourishes and furbelows of a century of artificiality with a

return to the simple lines of Roman taste in furniture as well as in dress.

The nineteenth century accomplished more than a recovery from this decadence from classic times. It lifted the world far above them. Some centuries have been great with this or that man of letters. The nineteenth century saw the swift spread of universal education produce in all nations such a flood of literature as had never been imagined possible. Invention took on the flight of fairy legends. Time and space have been nearly annihilated and London brought nearer to Boston than Washington used to be. The night no longer is an impediment to work nor, to the old extent, a cloak to crime. China and Japan have been added to international relations and international commerce. Africa, not Egypt only, has been explored and opened to industry. Slavery, from the beginning of the world a universal condition, has been in one century stamped out of every civilized nation, and neither the American negro nor the Russian serf now holds up manacled hands as he prays. Religious differences are no longer the basis of bloodshed. Science has not only increased human comfort but lengthened human life. Statesmen no longer for any reason encourage warfare, but seek only how they may avoid it, and if the Hague Tribunal has

not yet fully realized "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," it has at least gone far along the road to a universal peace upheld not upon the spears of the Roman legionaries but upon the voluntary brotherhood of all the children of men.

Of this century, so rich in human achievement, this woman, so tenderly remembered, was the very spirit. Of it she might well say, and with even greater truth than did the classic hero of the deeds of his country, "All of which I saw and a part of which I was."

She was not, of course, a scientist nor an inventor, save as a poet is an inventor. Yet in what other walk in life did she not have her part? She never even approached the methods of a noisy agitator. Strong as were her views and great as was her influence, her advance through the garden of her life was ever restrained by the flowering borders of courtesy and kindness. She was a gentlewoman, nor did it injure her public service that she was to the end in every sphere emphatically a womanly woman. The editor of "The Commonwealth" and of the "Woman's Journal" was a devoted wife and a tender mother. The fearless public champion of great national causes was not ashamed to confess in her reminiscences—with the innocent pride of a good woman in the fact that she is also good to look upon—her girlish social triumphs in a girl's kingdom,

and of the attentions showered upon her by those to whom her mind was not her only attraction.

Born in New York with an ancestry that strangely blended the blood of Roger Williams with that which also flowed in the veins of General Marion, "the Swamp Fox of the Carolinas," the life of Mrs. Howe belongs nevertheless to the Commonwealth where she found a perfect marriage with a husband whose ideals were as lofty as her own.

Her literary activities had begun at sixteen in the shape, not merely of fugitive verses, but of serious essays which had quickly found publication.

What a circle of friends that was that quickly surrounded this gifted girl in her new Boston home! Her husband was justly honored as the first among those blessed mortals who have been able to make the deaf hear, the dumb talk, and the blind see. James Freeman Clarke was her friend and pastor, Horace Mann was an intimate; so were Sumner and Andrew; so were Longfellow, and Holmes, and Lowell, and Whittier, and Emerson and Whipple, and all that brilliant group that made Boston an international literary center and the "Atlantic Monthly" an intellectual force whose influence had no boundaries. It is not extraordinary that the son and daughters born to such a man and woman in such surround-

ings should have themselves in both senses of the word honored their father and their mother.

Two of the great causes with which Mrs. Howe was most closely identified have already been described by those who have preceded me. Her defence of the oppressed slave was not the least of the influences that opened the door of freedom, and even those who may have disagreed with her ever had unbounded respect for the splendid sincerity of her pure and unselfish efforts in the cause of suffrage for women.

Even in so long a life two such causes would seem to have sufficiently occupied any woman's time. It would, however, be hard to recall any man or woman of Massachusetts, unless it be the man whom Doctor Holmes called the human dynamo, Edward Everett Hale, who approached Mrs. Howe in the character of a universal philanthropist. She was not merely an eager worker for the abolition of slavery and for the admission of women into the political duties and activities of men. She was not merely a strong champion of her country as a Union throughout the war that settled that, in spite of the nomenclature of the Constitution, this country is to endure not as a Federation but as a Nation.

When the hand of death was almost upon her she was before the Legislature of Massa-

chusetts urging pure food laws that the lives of the children might be saved. When death was at her very bedside she was planning that the child of Garibaldi, the Liberator, might receive from America the honor due that father's child.

Greece knew and received her bounty. Hungary's champion found in her a helper. Italy was almost as beloved by her as her own land. The oppressed of far-off Armenia found in her alike the tenderness of a woman and the sturdy championship of a man. As an exponent of the abstruse doctrines of philosophy she stood as a teacher on the lecture platform; as an apostle of the religious creed that was hers she even occupied the pulpit.

Of those who knew her and worked beside her as comrades in the days of her prime, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mr. Frank B. Sanborn still survive. Colonel Higginson's beautiful tribute to her memory is familiar. It is Mr. Sanborn who in a few pithy sentences gives of her home life in those days the following picture:

"I was introduced gradually into that goodly congregation (which never all met together) during my college years and met Mrs. Howe and her philanthropic husband, fifty-eight years ago, at the house, first, of Theodore Parker, and soon after at their own, that abode of 'Green Peace' in South Boston, which received

so many guests from all parts of the world. Thither had come and gone Dickens, Kossuth, Carl Schurz, Michael Anagnos, John Brown,—the Greek monk, the Italian exile, the Polish poet, the German philosopher, the champions of Kansas, the hunted fugitive slave and his preserver and legal defender. To all these varied personages and interests Mrs. Howe was in some manner related, and each and all exercised some influence on her extended and vivacious life."

An accomplished musician, Mrs. Howe found in good music a field for relaxation as she found in literature a field for work. The amount of literary and editorial labor she accomplished cannot be measured. Fortunately, not all even of her writings in prose were for newspapers. Her books on travel—"A Trip to Cuba," for example, or "From the Oak to the Olive"—witness that the light touch of agreeable description and comment was hers as well as the more powerful chords that were struck in her forensical compositions. As a writer she will live longest, however, I think, in her verses, in which the fancy that is set free by the moonlight and awakes with the spring flowers is mingled with the deep emotion of the mother with reverence for great cities and great men and with an almost inspired rage against triumphant wrong.

Yet if men should at last cease to turn the leaves of "Passion Flowers" and of "Words for the Hour," there never can come a time when they will cease to sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Nor need we necessarily grieve if the splendor of this one poem should in time cast a shadow over the rest.

Few but the curious scholar can quote off-hand the poem whence comes the proverb, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Still fewer are familiar with the same poet's ode on the death of a favorite cat. Yet, while English literature lives, the matchless verse and diction of a single poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," will hold for Thomas Gray the admiration of mankind.

Almost exactly a century ago there died a young soldier fighting for his country's liberty. Even his rank in the army is generally forgotten. Outside his native land most of his poems may not be generally read, not even the stirring lines of Lutzow's "Wilde Jagd":

> "Die Wolken verziehen
> Hurrah, ihr Jager, der Morgen bricht an."

But while love of country lasts anywhere in the world men must rise to honor the "Sword Song" of Theodor Körner, the song that roused, not the squabbling little principalities, but the

great mass of the German folk to rise up and burst the chains in which Napoleon sought to bind them.

Du Schwerdt an meiner Linken
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Schauft mich so freundlich an!
Hab mein Freude dran—
Hurrah!

So Körner sang and died, but the fires of national pride and devotion kindled by that song did not stay their course with the successful destruction of a foreign yoke. They burned away most of the boundaries that kept German from German until from the ashes of Körner's sacrifice there flew aloft the mighty eagle of the German Empire, whose pinions flutter in every nook and corner of the world.

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written by Mrs. Howe, as she herself describes it, in Washington, on the back of some sheets of paper stamped with the mark of that noble body of patriotic men and women, the United States Sanitary Commission. It was in November, 1861. The country was in a condition of discouragement. Bull Run had been fought and lost. Mrs. Howe had been hurried back from a review outside the city cut short by the advance of Confederate troops. The company in the carriage sang soldiers' songs to cheer them, one being "John Brown's Body." Mr. Clarke, her pastor, suggested to Mrs. Howe

writing a more fitting set of stanzas. She retired without having been able to think out a single line. Awakening in the gray of the morning the verses came one after another into her head, and springing from her bed she rapidly wrote them down with "an old stump of a pen" before they could elude her, and immediately afterward fell asleep.

The poem was first printed in the "Atlantic Monthly." It quickly found its way to camp, to hospital, to Southern prison, and became then, what it must ever remain, the one supreme call of the Loyal North to the Valiant for Truth.

There has been well-nigh as much controversy over the authorship of the music that Mrs. Howe selected as over the authorship of that other popular musical composition which has been used in turn for the words of the song, "God Save the King," for the Prussian "Heil Dir Im Siegeskranz," for the Danish national hymn and for the Swiss national hymn as well as for Dr. Smith's "America."

I am indebted to the researches of Mr. John B. Clapp for a story of the rise of the music of "John Brown's Body" to popularity. The music was heard by Mr. Thane Miller of Cincinnati at a colored church in Charleston, S. C., in 1859. Its simple and stirring qualities so impressed him that in attending afterwards a convention of the Young Men's Christian Asso-

ciation at Albany, he utilized the music for words of his own with "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Me?" as the choral line.

Shortly afterwards, by an odd coincidence, in the archives of the Old Harvard Church in Charlestown, Mass., its organist, Mr. Greenleaf, found the music and found that the notes fitted very well to a fugitive verse that was going the rounds of the Press. The author of the first stanza of "John Brown's Body" is unknown. The Glee Club of the Boston Light Infantry, then getting ready for the war, picked up this first stanza with the music and sang it with tremendous effect. Mr. C. S. Hall was then asked to write some further verses. He is the author of the remaining stanzas of "John Brown's Body," but not of the first one.

An issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1865 prints as a passing paragraph that the street boys of London had learned to prefer "John Brown's Body" to "Maryland, My Maryland," or the "Bonny Blue Flag," an interesting bit of contemporary evidence as to the American war music which first secured a hold of the popular ear across the Atlantic.

Such was the song and its origin. The influence of popular song upon human history is not overstated in the familiar proverb.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth were not the only ones who sang amidst the storm. It is impossible to think of Gustavus Adolphus and Lutzen without

remembering "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." It is impossible to think of Bennington's victory without the fife and drum and "Yankee Doodle." You cannot recall Gravelotte and Mars le Tour without an echo of the booming chorus of "Die Wacht am Rhein," nor the Highlander's charge at Culloden without the "White Cockade" nor the stern march of the Crusaders without the solemn chanting of St. Bernard's glorious appeal, "Jerusalem the Golden."

Literature has its muckrakers as well as public life. There are, I know, a breed of literary vivisectors who view all composition with a magnifying glass that they may discover and proclaim the slightest microscopic lesion.

These gentry have discovered, I believe, some mixing of metaphors in the second and third lines of the first stanza of Mrs. Howe's great battle hymn of the North, where the imagery of a wine presser is supposed to be confused with that of a warrior.

What of it?

The songs that have roused nations are none of them to be judged by the measure of Mr. Pope's polished but prim measures. The polished crystal rouses man's admiration in the seclusion of his study, but it is the rough monolith that startles his attention from the dull level of the storm-swept plain.

Outside of hymn and sacred song I think we shall agree that no two songs have by words and music so stirred alike the bodies and the

souls of men not only to battle for victory but to die even hopeless deaths as "The Wearing of the Green" and "The Marseillaise." The same kind of person that finds more pleasure in the analytical dismemberment of a rose than in the enjoyment of its perfect scent and beauty has pointed out as a botanical fact that a shamrock if taken from the hat and cast upon the sod could not possibly take root and flourish still if under foot 'twas trod. What has that to do with the soul of the song? It isn't the analysis of the grasses and leaves that we are thinking. It's the splendid imagery of the gallantry of the Celt, beaten but unconquered, who with a jest upon his lips goes to keep his appointment with Death — the picture, if I may name one of many and in many lands, of the tattered little gossoon at Vinegar Hill setting his naked baby breast close against the loaded cannon's mouth and calling to the pikemen who followed him, "Come on, boys, I've stopped the mouth of the beast."

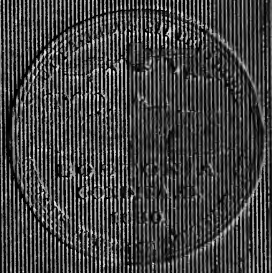
Similar critics have asserted that if the soldiers of tyrants are to be portrayed in one line of "La Marseillaise" as mad bellowing bulls it should be remembered that bulls cannot cut throats as they are made to do in another.

Rubbish! How the tremendous sweep of that glorious lyric brushes aside any and all of such puerile consideration as epithet after epithet stings France to freedom alike from foreign

tyrants and from her own. This was the song that nerved those men whose story is too little known to-day, the starving, freezing soldiers of the First Republic, the men who, marching with naked feet, fought in winter snows against a united Europe armed by emperors, fought that France might be France, neither a subject province to foreign dominion nor the plaything of a king. The inspiration lay not in any nicety of rhetoric but in the great untrammeled shout for freedom.

Cushing dying in his battery at Gettysburg, Bartlett strapped to his saddle leading forlorn hopes, the torn and wounded remnants of the First Minnesota with four-fifths of their comrades on the field behind them, but three captured battle flags in their hands, Winslow sweeping the pirate from the sea in the face of a hostile Europe, the agonized skeletons of Andersonville, Shaw at the head of his black regiment at Wagner, the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania, and at last the meeting of two great men at Appomattox, one to return in triumph to Washington, the other to return in sorrow to his home to use his great influence that the arbitrament of a great cause by war should not degenerate into mountain murders by guerillas organized against society,— these and such as these are the glorious phantoms that rising dimly before our eyes make us choke when we sing our battle hymn.

The woman of letters, the philanthropist, the reformer — these are titles enough worn worthily to continue this woman's fame, but Julia Ward Howe has left behind her more than this. The philosopher may promote a nation's intellect, the historian may perfect its records, the poet may uplift its letters and its ideals, but Julia Ward Howe stands with Rouget de Lisle and Theodor Körner and those other happy mortals to whom it has been given to awake a nation's very soul.

Monuments may and must be upraised in her honor, but not to her memory, for while one of her countrymen is left alive the memory can never fail of her to whom in the midst of utter darkness was given that splendid and prophetic vision —

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."